

# **I'm Being Haunted**

**Poems**

**-by Brian Edwards**



***Vol. I   Written April, 2018***

**1.**

**They're here  
More silent  
Than on most nights  
Though still here  
Watching me  
Tuned into my thoughts**

**They're here  
Maybe down the hallway  
Maybe in the next room  
Maybe right beside me**

**Still here  
They never seem  
Far away**

**Close by  
They are close by  
Closer than we think**

**The moon will soon  
Dip down  
Below the horizon**

**They're here  
Still here  
Another night  
Waiting for chances  
To say something irrelevant**

**Here.....they're still here**

**From that astral planet  
That they speak of**

**Audio psychosis  
How many days  
In a row**

Tough times  
Sometimes fall  
Like a hail storm

They approach  
The audio slowly rises  
Like a tide

Astral incursions

Could there ever be  
A moat deep enough

How to imagine  
That anything  
Is still the same

\*\*\*

2.

**"I'm Lucifer's Lieutenant"**

**The voice said**

**Many times**

**Tonight**

**I don't know**

**What to think**

**I try not to think**

**Sometimes to believe it**

**Is to get the rug**

**Pulled out**

**From under me**

**Tomorrow.....**

**The voice may claim**

**To be something else**

**So does it even matter**

**If tonight**

**"Lucifer's Lieutenant"**

**Is here**

**Perhaps it may as well**

**Be the Easter Bunny**

**Taking things**

**With a grain of salt**

**Is an understatement here**

**I could try**

**To think for myself**

**But there I go**

**With thinking again**

**My thinking**

**Is all worn out**

**I mean**

**Who wants**

**To think about**

**"Lucifer's Lieutenant"**

**In their home?**

\*\*\*

3.

A faint voice  
Fires off  
Audio at me

I can feel  
The faintest breath  
Hitting my left ear

A voice  
A voice  
Speaking  
The propaganda  
Of the dark force

What is this place?  
Where am I?

“they” say it’s a hologram

But “they” also.....  
Say a lot of things

Silence  
I’ll wait for it  
It will come back

I can feel the presence  
Of audio fangs  
In the room

Silence  
I’m sure  
Looms above

This siege  
Of  
Everything  
I  
Am

\*\*\*

4.

Faint whispers  
It's them  
But who'd believe  
So why say anything?

So I'll  
Just speak  
To  
The  
Ether

Do you remember  
The time  
And the place  
That it all began

I do.....  
When I first  
Heard the voices  
Speak through  
The noise

What was wrought  
Was a bounty  
On my head

But, here I am  
Standing  
Like an imagined  
Castle fortress

Under siege  
Of audio

They have legions  
Of audio broadcasters

They have  
Audio cannonades

Something  
Does exist

**Beyond us  
After all**

**\*\*\***



5.

Attacked  
In my sleep  
I believe  
.....not certain  
.....all these  
Foggy images  
From the night before

Hands clutching me  
Invisible intrusions  
Once again

Sleep deprivation  
In hauntings  
Is common

There's a lot  
Of psychological torment  
They want me to break  
But for what?

There's no revelation  
That they've got  
That I want

Let's just  
Finish it here  
At twelve paces

But they.....  
Don't do things that way  
Yet I like  
The simplicity of the idea

A thing with hauntings  
Is they often  
Don't want them  
To end quickly

They'd prefer  
To drag it out  
Wear you down

There's no.....  
Field of honor  
To duel it out here  
Just being attacked  
In you sleep  
For another year

\*\*\*

6.

Voices fill  
The darkened room

Closing in  
On me

This one  
Astral plane  
Is damn close

Closer than you think  
Once you hear it

But it doesn't  
Surprise me now

Wherever I go  
The whispering follows

I can't think about  
Its deeper implications

What implications?

What is this about  
That won't be sacrificed  
To a thousand opinions

Through my bedroom window  
I see the moon  
This is always something  
Very real to me

I am most familiar  
With this  
Desolate light

The moon  
Is with us  
In our reality

It is ours

**Where we'll find solitude**

**It is a place  
To escape  
All other  
Worlds**

**\*\*\***

7.

An audio intrusion  
Once again  
This one  
In the morning

A Spring morning  
Blitzed  
By near-astral  
Voices disruption

But I am little moved now  
Not sure if there is even much left  
For the voices to pierce

Yet.....  
They will  
Let their arrows fly

They will  
Almost always  
Let them fly

To simply intrude  
For this  
Is their modus operandi

\*\*\*

8.

Voices  
Of unseen beings  
Firing off  
Psychic audio

Where am I?  
Where are you?

The target  
And the targeted

The cannon  
And the castle wall

A besieged mind

To resist  
Is to reinvigorate  
Inner devotion

Words jagged  
And whispers poisoning

The world  
Is a stage  
For such intrigues

\*\*\*

9.

Do not delve  
Into the recordings

EVP  
EVP

Do not listen  
To the unexplained edge  
Of reality

The voices  
They seek  
They find

For one thousand nights  
I have heard them

Go back

Do not disturb  
Your illusions  
As they are

\*\*\*

10.

The voices beings  
Never sleep  
Though  
They have entered  
My own

Intrusions  
Into dreams

Do you know  
What this is like?

Would you call  
It a mirage

Under a desert Sun  
Of radio

Radio find me  
Radio free me

Know the direction  
Of the moon rise

\*\*\*



**11.**

**I tell you the truth  
There is nothing  
Found here  
Only further mystery**

**Awakened  
Under psychic attack**

**Your mind  
Like Bikini Atoll**

**Three  
Two  
One**

**A lightbulb  
Goes out**

**East of Buffalo**

**I don't know about  
The psychosis factor**

**\*\*\***

**12.**

**They don't care  
Alien saboteurs  
Bringing down  
The fortress walls**

**EVP is a way  
To reenact  
A Trojan Horse scene**

**Don't listen  
To that  
Voice of the hydra**

**They have  
Their own scepter  
And they wield it  
In conspiracy**

**\*\*\***

13.

A vast  
Iron  
Audio curtain  
Descends  
Across the world

Some of us thought  
We had magic

Our words  
Scattered  
To the winds

They have  
An underground network

I know  
That no one  
Wants to believe

And time  
Is like a shadow  
Moving across  
A room  
Slowly

\*\*\*

**14.**

**Propaganda ministers  
Of the recorded voices**

**Their ministry  
Expanding  
Ever northward**

**On Sunday afternoon  
Radio  
In the North Atlantic**

**Listening stations  
In quiet suburbs**

**Subliminal encryption**

**Typing machines  
Ethereic**

**Subconsciously  
Give you things  
To contemplate**

**Without  
Your observance**

**\*\*\***

15.

The recorded voices  
Once kind  
Now fanged and armed  
With audio pikes

Audio spikes and audio caltrops  
Bivouacked legions  
In your mind

Your mind  
Is now  
The field of battle

Some voices are true  
And some are false  
Some are false  
And some even more false

Here I am  
Hearing things  
That others deny

From the sky above  
Shockwaves  
Of radio distortion

\*\*\*

16.

Audio oppression  
The sunlight  
Is no salvation  
Day and night  
Entangled  
On an electric fence

The moon remains  
Honest  
But distant

Shadows and voices  
Assembling  
On the green  
At dawn

Then marching  
Towards  
The barricade  
Of your mind

Psychic depth charges  
Sink deep  
Into your thoughts

\*\*\*

17.

A danger of channeling  
Is the.....  
Speaking  
The speaking  
The speaking

The bombardment  
Through the walls

Old castles  
Of Spain  
Are too far way for me

I can buy some time  
With a six pack  
And a song

But only for a while  
Until  
The invisible wires  
Return  
With the morning light

A danger of channeling  
Is collision  
With wooden horses  
Scattered about Troy

\*\*\*

18.

**Psychic Helicopters**

They have a new ploy  
A new  
Mind game  
A new anti-peace  
Psychological  
Para-militarized  
Highly trained  
Unit of mind incursion

These sappers  
From the astral

Calling out  
From the sky  
From their bullhorns  
From.....  
Their psychic helicopters

Psychic helicopters  
Above the roof  
All day

At night  
New brimstone operations  
Underway

\*\*\*



19.

At night  
Stronger becomes  
The recorded uncertainty  
Of this dimension

Weapons of chatter

Psychic voices  
Devil voices  
From.....  
The sextant's measure

Mind within a mind  
Allow it to.....  
Divide nothing

Astral someone  
In this planet's atmosphere

Marauding  
With radio echoes  
Ricocheted

Time is but a symbol  
Of the seasons

\*\*\*

20.

A danger of channeling is.....

One o'clock

In the morning

Invisible arms

Reaching for me

Someone there

Unseen

The voices.....

Remember something else

These memories

Are already sunken

Fiddles

And red wine

Won't fix

This collision

A danger is.....

The voices

Throughout the day and night

\*\*\*

**21.**

**It is seriously  
All a mind game  
But isn't**

**Windows opened  
In Spring**

**Through them enter  
The entrenched vapor**

**Words of kindness  
Riddled  
With Tommy Guns of audio**

**Someone saw  
Something else  
And then another**

**Loaded questions  
Burst like balloons**

**The hydrogen rises  
Our eyes gaze upwards**

**Our candles  
Are ignored  
For a time**

**\*\*\***

**22.**

**Coldness**

**In the air**

**.....over a dreamt Thermopylae**

**Here I am**

**With spear**

**The recorded voices**

**Nearing**

**Hot gates**

**Audio meltdown**

**Audio**

**Audio**

**Audio**

**The Sun**

**Looking sinister**

**On the mountainside**

**A coat left behind**

**Turned and worn again**

**By a betraying whisperer**

**Nearer**

**Nearer**

**Nearer**

**The audio legions**

**Of a vast**

**And wicked empire**

**\*\*\***

**4/2018**